GREEN GOODS GAME PASSING.

SWINDLE THAT NETTED FORTUNES ABOUT ENDED

Jimmie McNally, Who Made $75,000 a Year Out of It, a Waiter in a Coney Island Music Hall—Other Princes of the Game in Prison—Postal Inspectors Broke It Up Quickly After Getting to Work

The green goods game is passing. Not that the definite end of so ingenious and elusive a swindle will be seen in the immediate future, but the scheme that earned $75,000 a year for Jimmie McNally, the Con. King, in the old days and gave small fortunes to more East Side ward heelers than New York will ever realize, is rapidly passing into the misty distance of the "con" man's golden age.

The United States Post Office inspectors have at last discovered an effective means of crippling the green goods game. The fact is that the local inspectors, under the direction of Chief Walter S. Mayer, have gone into the business themselves in a modest way, making about $1,000 a month for Uncle Sam out of the operators of the game. And the chances of a green goods sharper's catching a tartar in the supposed come-on and having to give up two or three thousand dollars in real money to help the Government pay his board in Kings County Penitentiary are getting to be so good that the more discreet confidence men are turning their attention to fresher and less dangerous fields.

Chief Mayer has accomplished this by pushing two measures of attack. In the first place he has made it almost impossible for the sharpers to keep up communication with their intended victim after he has received the first circulars that made him anxious to do business. This has been done by the practical elimination of that obscure but indispensable go-between, the telegraph operator—upon whose secret aid depends the maintenance of a receiving address by the swindlers. In the second place Chief Mayer has done his utmost to bag at once the swindlers and their bankroll.

According to the police and the post office inspectors the green goods game is one of the few new things under the sun. It only came into being, they say, around the year 1870.

Although many crooks have claimed it no one knows to whom the dubious honor of inventing the game is due—all that can be positively stated is that one day a flash of inspiration passed through the cunning mind of some Larry Summerfield of that day, and the germ of the swindle was alive.

To make the man swindled an intending criminal himself by inducing him to buy supposed counterfeit money to pass on his neighbors was the essence of the new scheme. It was not long in developing into one of the most lucrative and persistent swindles ever known.

The most striking feature of the business during its early years was the ease with which the victims were swindled. There were no postal regulations then to prevent the operators from using the mails, and it was almost impossible to punish them under the State laws. In consequence the business progressed with an old fashioned simplicity, grimly amusing to contemplate from a viewpoint twenty-five years distant.

The circulars advertising for sale counterfeit money, not to be distinguished from the genuine, were simply dumped into the mails by the hundred The addresses of the leading lights of hamlets and towns not too distant from New York were bought from brokers who then as now did a regular business in procuring them from patent medicine houses and other mail order concerns.

Then thirty circulars out of a hundred, as against twelve to-day, elicited replies. To these a second circular was mailed, enclosing a sample of the alleged counterfeit money, invariably a genuine $1 bill, with a recommendation that the customer test it on his friends and make sure that it was as "good as the genuine." He could buy counterfeit money just as good as that, $3,000 worth for $500, $7,000 worth for $750, and so on. Then all that remained for the victim was to come on to New York and be robbed.

Not only ignorant country bumpkins but intelligent men in every walk of life bit at the hook of the green goods men. Many a country banker was caught. One of the most notorious cases was that of a clergy man who took the money contributed by his congregation for domestic missions and lost it to the sharpers.

Money came fairly raining in to the swindlers. The annual income of ten men as Goslin, Larry Summerfield and their ilk, had devised an entirely new form of the game.

The real effect of the new Federal law up to the time Chief Mayer took office, eighteen months ago, was merely to invent a more ingenious scheme than ever. This worked almost without hindrance for a long time, certainly without any effective curbing of the swindlers.

The chief new feature of the game was the use of the telegraph. Many of the generals and princes of the game have claimed the credit of suggesting this amendment to the old game, but, according to Post Office Inspector Jacobs and Inspector Boyle of the New York office and Inspector Snow of the Boston office, William C. Woodworth (Big Hawley) deserves the credit of the invention.

Big Hawley later became known all over the country as perhaps the best confidence man alive. As Lord Lionel Musgrave he is alleged to have swindled London people out of thousands of dollars. He got out of Charlestown jail at Boston the other day, dead broke, and he now announces that he's writing a book telling about all the people in high society who have been associated with his swindling schemes at different times.

This new feature of the game was simply to arrange that the come-on should send his answers to the swindlers by wire instead of by mail.

The other radical improvement over the old scheme provided for a division of labor. Instead of being worked by one man or group of men in the good old fashion, the new scheme fell into the hands of two different parties of operators, quite unconnected, and headed by two men called in the parlance of the underworld the writer and the backer.

The writer first got up the circulars and sent them out by the hundred. He kept the venal telegraph operators on his payroll to receive the telegrams from the victims. He arranged with other tools to get these despatches, and with the steerers to meet the victim.

With that his part in the game was finished. The backer now took hold.

He was the man who provided the roll of from $2,000 to $10,000 in good greenbacks used as bait. He hired the turner, the man to whom another steerer, also hired by him, brought the victim from the writer's steerer to be swindled. The backer likewise hired the ringer who affected the rapid substitution of the green paper for the good money, if that was done, in the turning joint. He also engaged the tailers who kept watch outside the turning joint while the victim was being fleeced, and the one who put him on a through train for home afterward.

Say the come-on was robbed of $1,000. Half went to the writer, half to the backer. The backer paid a good rent for the turning joint, gave the turner who did the actual swindle a quarter of his pile and his steerer, tailers and ringer $5 or $10 each. The writer gave his telegraph operators $25 a month right along, and the steerers, usually broken down crooks like the turner's minor assistants, $5 apiece.

Thus writer and backers each made from $300 to $875 on the turn without coming anywhere within reach of the arm of the law themselves. Both kept out of sight at all stages of the swindle; and it was a poor week when such men as Jimmie McNally or Big Hawley couldn't turn eight or ten come-ons.

A politician who was backing four writers at the same time made from $1,500 to $2,500 a week for five years. In that time he went bail for half a dozen of his steerers arrested by the postal inspectors on suspicion. Two steerers jumped their bail and he paid it.

His turner was sent to Sing Sing for six years for murderously assaulting a come-on who flashed his money but refused to give it up. The backer supported the turner's family until he was out and could begin to make a living out of the game again. When the backer retired at the end of his five years he had paid all expenses, had lived rather expensively and had a quarter of a million clear in bank.

It was this dexterous and elusive swindle that Chief Mayer found in full operation when he became head of the New York division on January 1, 1905. His first step was to provide come-ons to reply to the green goods circulars that came into his hands.

One supposed come-on whom steerers often met in Jersey City was a borrowed police officer. The game would proceed along the regular lines; but when the turner flashed his genuine roll the pseudo victim pulled his gun.

Chief Mayer's orders were "shoot to kill if necessary, but bag the turner and the roll at any cost." Policeman Peter Duncan, who played the come-on eight times, until the operators got wise to him, had to shoot the first turner in the shoulder in self-defence. He didn't have to shoot in the later captures.

As soon as the bunco men got one of the borrowed policemen spotted another man of nerve and resource from the green fields one or two crooked addresses for the swindlers, were dismissed and the hundred telegraph addresses went out of being.

A relic of the time when the operators heard from their victims through their accomplices, the telegraphers, is an indictment filed about six months ago with Charles Van Hagen, Clerk of the Criminal Branch of the United States Circuit Court, against one Carey, manager of a telegraph office in 125th street, for conspiring with green goods men to violate the law.

Chief Mayer's plan of operations reads simply enough, yet the rooting out of the telegraph addresses and the hunting down of the swindlers was a long, hard task.

Bill Hanley's case was typical. He was one of the first topnotch men caught in Chief Mayer's net. He hired a good lawyer, appealed, got stays of sentence, and when finally sentenced to four and a half years imprisonment on three indictments he jumped his bail.

Post Office Inspectors Boyle, Cortelyou and Ryan ran him down finally at Goshen, N. Y., last autumn. The green goods man, once studious in shunning the society of other common criminals, was found in the company of the noted bank burglar and sneak thief, Abe Coakley. Before the fight between the crooks and the detectives was over Coakley is alleged to have shot Ryan in the lungs and Cortelyou had a broken arm. Not until then was Hanley finally brought to justice and sent to Auburn to begin his sentence.

It is interesting to note that when Marshal Henkel arraigned Coakley before United States Commissioner Shields for shooting Ryan the bank burglar was bailed out by the head of a large contracting firm who is a brother of one of the foremost politicians of New York.

One chapter from the records of the telegraph company will suffice to show what a resistance the schemers put up against Chief Mayer's fight on the telegraphers. When Mike Ryan, an alleged writer, learned that the general manager of the company had dismissed an operator suspected of being in his pay he came out into the open, demanded that the telegrams be sent to him and on the company's refusal brought suit against it for heavy damages.

It was then, on April 14, 1905, that Chief Mayer backed up the company's stand by having Ryan's alleged accomplice, Carey, the 125th street manager, indicted. Soon after Ryan had dropped the damage suit he was caught by one of Chief Mayer's inspectors with the goods on in another green goods operation, pleaded guilty and paid his fine.

BIG HANLEY, SAID TO BE THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH END OF THE PRESENT GAME. BILL HAWLEY, NOW IN AUBURN. JAMES WILSON, NOW IN KINGS COUNTY PENITENTIARY, WHO POSED AS THE OLD EX-GOVERNMENT ENGRAVER AT THE TURNING POINT.

FALLEN KINGS OF THE GREENGOODS GAME.

groups of them, operating from New York in the early '80s, has been estimated by the police at upward of $900,000. Old Jimmy McNally, now down and out, made his hundred thousand a year then, say the Post Office inspectors, as regularly as if it was a mere matter of clipping coupons.

A picturesque East Side figure, a politician in a small way all his long life, died a few years ago leaving a fortune of $200,000, nearly all amassed by prudent investments in the green goods business. He put up the roll of real money used in working the game. Half the returns went to him, and as he knew his men there was never any squealing. He was a faithful churchgoer all his life, a generous giver to charities, and always known as not only an honest but a sympathetic man.

Then, about 1886, came the passage of the Federal enactments making use of the mails with intent to defraud an offence punishable by eighteen months imprisonment and $100 fine; likewise, that giving the Postmaster-General power to issue fraud orders. This was the first real blow and, up to a few years ago, the only effective one that had ever been struck at the game.

For a time it made all the operators practically give up business, but in a few years such men as William C. Woodworth, known all through the criminal world as Big Hawley, and Jimmie McNally, then and afterward the king of the con men, with the assistance of the shyster lawyers that are always on the staff of such

A MURDER OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

RECALLED BY AN OLD PAMPHLET PUBLISHED BY "THE SUN."

It Describes the Trial of John C. Colt for Killing Samuel Adams—Manner Habits of the Police, Duties of Mayor and Aldermen and Legal Procedure in 1842.

The old pamphlet uncovered the other day by Mrs. Pauline Riell seems curious reading nowadays. Mrs. Riell, who was born in 1820 and has been putting away things of interest now and then throughout a long life, was turning over her papers when the old pamphlet came to the surface, after long submersion in an accumulation of family letters and other documents.

At the time of the Adams murder in 1841 Mrs. Riell, then Miss Redit, was a grown woman, one born, brought up and schooled within the limits of New York, and, until well along in her girlhood, all south of Wall street. She remembers clearly to-day the stir the crime made. Accordingly, upon finding the pamphlet she determined to give it to THE SUN, because THE SUN was originally responsible for it. The pamphlet is entitled "Trial of John C. Colt for the Murder of Samuel Adams," and the title page also bears the words: "Published at THE SUN Office—price six cents." It is garnished with woodcuts, and the first shows "Colt, the Murderer," in stock and rolling coat collar, for Colt was rather a genteel fellow. His features are rather unpleasant and he has ogreish blubber lips and pop eyes. Beneath is the likeness of "Miss Henshaw (Colt's Mistress) and Their Child," the young woman being crowned with a lace cap, with raven corkscrew ringlets beneath, and bearing an air of having been in her day a fascinating female, as they styled it.

The best picture is one of the murder itself. Mr. Adams is shown sprawling on the floor, with legs and arms squirming in his broadcloth coat and gambroon trousers while the murderer, scowling terribly, swings a hatchet in one hand and holds his victim on the floor with the other.

The crime aroused the 300,000 inhabitants of New York as few things had since the great fire of six years before. Samuel Adams, a printer, doing business at 59 Gold street, was engaged in publishing John C. Colt's work on bookkeeping. He called on Colt to settle some accounts.

Neighbors heard a tussle and a fall. Looking through the keyhole they saw some one, with back to the door, bending and laboring over something, but to their repeated knocking there was no response. A messenger was sent to the police, but it being about 3 in the afternoon and dinner time, in the custom of those days, the officers sent reply that they were engaged, and would come later. The watchers then waited for them fruitlessly until candlelight—for this was before the era of gas lighting.

The sailing packet Kalamazoo, bound for New Orleans, was lying at a pier in the North River. This was in the days when vessels made long stays in port between trips, and the Kalamazoo had not done lading a week later. In the meanwhile the disappearance of Adams, coupled with the unexplained occurrences in Colt's office, caused suspicion. Men who thought that something was wrong called on the Mayor and told him what they feared.

Robert H. Morris was then Mayor. He in person went to work on the case and directed the efforts of the police. Such were the duties of the Mayor.

A box was thus traced from Colt's office, in the old granite building at the northeast corner of Chambers street and Broadway, to the hold of the Kalamazoo, and was there hauled out from a mass of freight and opened in the Mayor's presence. In it was found the body of Adams, doubled up and lashed with cord to confine it in the box.

The body was traced through a man who took it to the vessel. He was a carman, this being before the time of the modern truck. The carman drove a heavy bodied, high sided wagon, now long out of use.

The trial took place in January, 1842, before the Court of Over and Terminer, another of the vanished institutions of the olden time. Done away with by the last State Constitution, it was formerly the highest criminal court of the State.

On the bench with Judge Kent sat Aldermen Purdy and Lee. They were present in the same capacity as those officials termed in New Jersey Lay Judges.

The law of that time conceived that they would act as a restraint upon the regular Judges at times when these were apt to display too much professional positiveness on doubtful questions. The account of the trial does not show that the two Aldermen played more than a formal part in the trial.

Few trials even to-day stir up so wide an interest as the trial of Colt. The court room was packed with men and women from all parts of the city, from South street clear up to the newly built streets around Washington and Union squares.

The District Attorney backed his strong case with what would now be called expert testimony. The experts were Dr. Chilton, who testified to the chemical composition of certain spots on the wall of Colt's room and pronounced them to be blood, and Drs. Gilman and Kissam, who explained how the wounds in the skull of the victim must have been caused.

The defence tried to obtain a verdict of manslaughter. Colt's mistress said that on the night after the murder Colt came in with a black and blue mark on his throat, "about the size of a sixpence," the sixpence being an old Spanish coin then in general circulation.

Cyrus W. Field, described as a paper dealer, bore witness that he had sold to Colt and Adams the paper for Colt's book.

But the defence could not exculpate the prisoner. Finally, as a last resort the brilliant Robert Emmet, closing the case for the defence, presented to the jury in his summing up what he styled a confession of the defendant, an ingenious and circumstantial account of the way in which the murder might have been committed in self-defence and covered up from fear of results.

Among neither the jury nor the public of that day does there seem to have been the least tendency to pity the culprit. As for the jury, sedulously kept, to use a phrase in his Honor's charge to them, from the influence of the public voice, they shared their fellow citizens' views nevertheless.

Though witnesses, brought from as far as Hartford, testified to the good repute and mild temper of the murderer, Colt, whom they had known from boyhood, though the Judge in his charge laid stress on various bits of evidence that tended to establish the absence of any premeditation on Colt's part, the jury without hesitation brought in a verdict of wilful murder and the capital sentence was pronounced. To-day, one can hardly doubt, the verdict and the sentence would have been milder.

The affair concluded in the old Tombs. Colt's friends made every effort then devised to delay the process of the law, but there was no new trial, and no pardon, nor had the plea of lunacy for such cases yet been thought of.

The old yellow pamphlet has a woodcut for tailpiece, showing a gibbet, a skeleton prone below it, a cross on a rock above, and a satanic owl, with lighted eyes, below. Illustration in journalism is not wholly recent.

It may be added that Colt wasn't hanged, but committed suicide in the Tombs on the day set for his execution.

LOST MINES NEAR AT HAND.

TALES OF PRECIOUS METALS IN THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

The Long Tinker's Vein of Silver That a Man May Visit Once but Not Twice—The Englishman Who Couldn't Return to His Mine—Many Deserted Shafts.

You need not go to Mexico or Venezuela for stories and legends of lost mines of precious metals or even for tangible evidences in support of such tales. You can find them right here near New York, among the mountains of northern New Jersey and in the Hudson Highlands. There are neighborhood tales relating to lost mines of silver and gold which have been handed down for generations, stretching back in some cases almost to the beginning of New York's settlement.

While rambling among the Highlands the other day, on top of one of the peaks, 1,100 feet above the river, a New Yorker met a woodchopper. The two sat down on a log, smoked together for a long time and talked about the mountain people and their characteristics.

Finally, with the air of a man who brings up a subject near the heart, the woodchopper said:

"In your travels around the mountains do you ever come across any signs of minerals?"

"Well," the New Yorker replied, "there's a lot of iron in these rocks, and some minerals of interest to geologists, but I guess that's about all, don't you?"

"There's silver in these hills," the woodchopper said earnestly. "I know that for a fact. Some says there's gold."

The next hour was for the New Yorker such as a boy enjoys when his mother tells him for the first time, at bedtime, the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. He sank back in the leaves, lighted his pipe, and listened.

"There are stories of old silver mines that have been found, an' lost again, an' can't never be found," began his new friend, "an' these stories have been handed down fur years an' years by the people livin' aroun' the mountains I don't know how true they are, but I know some of 'em's true.

"Ever hear of the Long Tinker's mine? It's on Black Mountain, whar you was goin'.

"That was a couple of hundred years ago, mebbe. The Long Tinker was a dago an' went aroun' mendin' an' sellin' pots and pans an' sich like things—that's why they called him the Tinker. An' he was very long—a long, tall man like, so they called him the Long Tinker.

"The Indians—they was Indians aroun' here then—told him that they could show him a better way to git rich than by tinkerin', an' the story goes that they took him to a place in the mountains whar there was a vein of real blue silver. Well, sir, he started to work it, but he wouldn't never let on to what it was, an' nobody couldn't catch him goin' to it.

"Then one day he up an' died. Fur years they hunted all over that mountain but nobody could ever find the mine.

"A good many years passed, an' then one day a funny thing happened. My wife's father tells how he's heard his father tell how when he was a boy old Cap'n Waldrom cum up the river in his packet sloop—that was before they had steamboats—an' anchored in Doodletown Bight, right down thar," pointing behind Iona Island.

"He an' the two Rumson boys were ramblin' aroun' the mountains nex' day lookin' fur game or somethin', when all of a suddin they cum out onto a sort of clear space grown up with bushes an' fenced in with a kind of hedge as if to keep people from seein' in. They found what they called a broken pitcher, but of course it wa'n't no pitcher at all, but a lead crucible.

"They'd run across the Long Tinker's mine! But they didn't know it just then.

"They found three ol' paths leadin' out of the clearin'. One went down to a brook whar the ol' codger 'd washed out his ore. I fergit whar the second path led. The third led straight to the old mine hole.

"The hole was all plugged up with cord sticks, stuck end 'in. They pulled some of 'em out an' poked aroun' in the rotten wood with the ends of their ol' flint lock muskets—you know the kind. with the wood reachin' 'most to the muzzle—an' finally they got a few chunks of rock out an' took 'em back with 'em to the ship.

"Old Waldrom didn't think much about it, an' that night he went back to New York. One day while his boat was lyin' by the dock there a man cum aboard to see him on business. He picked up one of the rocks what was lyin' on a table, kind o' careless like, an' began to look at it. All of a sudden he give a jump.

"'Whar 'd ye git them rocks?' he sez to Waldrom.

"Waldrom up an' told him he 'd found 'em up the Hudson River an' allowed he thought they might have some value in 'em.

"'Wall, now, I know somethin' about minerals,' says the man. 'You let me take them specimens home an' I'll test 'em fur you.'

"'Wall, I wish ye would,' says old Waldrom, who was a simple old feller.

"'Wall, I will,' says the man.

"So the man took the rocks an' went away, an' old Waldrom didn't think to ask his name or whar he cum from; an' the man didn't tell him; an' that was the last he seen of him.

"Two or three years after that Waldrom was walkin' along the street in New York one day and this man passed him. He saw Waldrom an' ran up an' grabbed him by the arm.

"'Say,' he says, 'do you remember me comin' aboard your boat oncet an' takin' some rocks away to test?'

"The ol' man scratched his head a minit an' then he says:

"'Why, yes, 'pears I do.'

"'Wall, you cum with me,' says the man. 'Man alive, do you know them rocks is full of silver? I want you to show me whar that mine is; it'll make us both rich! I've tried to find you, but you sailed away the day after I was on your boat, and I never could.'

"The man took Waldrom up to his room an' he give him two silver quarters, an' two silver sleeve buttons an' some studs.

"'Them's made from the rocks what was on your table,' he sez.

"Wall, sir, old Waldrom he hikes up the river that night an' he an' his wife goes off on the quiet to find that ol' mine. He s'posed he could git thar easy; but he didn't find it that day, nor the next. Him an' his wife camped aroun' the mountains fur a week, but by George they couldn't find the blasted mine. They didn't never find it!

"When the old man couldn't locate it himself he thought he'd let one of the Rumson boys in on the deal. When Rumson heard about it he sez to himself he knew whar the mine was an' he sneaks off without Waldrom. He couldn't find it any more than Waldrom could, so he goes to his brother an' tells him all about it.

"His brother says, 'Sure, I know jest whar it is,' but when he cum to take him thar he couldn't find it.

"Since then a good many others have tried to git to the spot. There's two or three as claims they've found the vacant lot with the three paths, the mine hole an' everything, just as old Waldrom described it; but the curious thing about it is that not one of 'em could ever go back to it the second time.

"Another funny thing about it is that they all said that they could look from the mine hole right out to whar old Jones used to live—right inter his front door. If you know the woods maybe you know whar Ike Harvey lives now. Wal, thet's just whar old Jones's house was.

"Even then they couldn't seem to find the mine a second time, even when they'd try to git back to it the next day."

"The place must have been haunted," laughed the New Yorker.

"Some do say a sort of enchantment like was throwed over the spot. One man cum back an' he said he'd found the mine, an' he said he wouldn't go back again—said somethin' had happened to him thar. He wouldn't never tell what it was—just said somethin' had happened to him. I don't take no stock in enchantments an' ghosts an' sich like myself, an' I mean to take a look fur that mine myself some day."

"What became of old Waldrom?" asked the New Yorker.

"Oh, he lived along fur quite a while after that, but he never got over the disappointment of it. After a while, naturally, when nobody could find the mine people began to doubt the old man, but they say that when he was on his deathbed they asked him if ne'd swear that what he told 'em was true, an' he sez:

"'Yes, I swear it's all true.'"

In support of this tale we have at least Black Mountain, Doodletown Bight and the names of the residents mentioned. The names have been changed in telling the story.

If one is inclined to search the old geological records of this part of the country he will find a mass of fascinating material bearing on persistent reports and traditions of gold and silver mines throughout the Highlands, though in no case that the writer knows of have these reports been run down and proved beyond doubt to be genuine. The decomposition of iron pyrites and the presence of graphite throughout the rocks were probably factors in these so-called discoveries.

While, therefore, these silver mines may never have existed at all, no doubt such stories as the one told by the woodchopper on the wild mountain top did originate from a serious belief years ago of the existence of a vein of silver. The gossip of generations, combined with human credulity and ignorance, brought the stories to their present form.

In the above story the old mine hole mentioned was, no doubt, an actuality and was buried long ago under the forest débris. Whether or not there was silver in it does not altogether affect the interest of the tale. Indeed, such tales form an interesting chapter in Highlands history.

The shadows had crept around the eastern sides of the rocks as the woodchopper finished his story. The New Yorker had given up Black Mountain as his objective point by this time and was quite ready to listen to another tale.

"There's a cur'ous lost mine over thar," the woodchopper said, pointing westward. "Two Englishmen were cruisin' aroun' the woods near the Cedar ponds—New York was a British colony then—when one of 'em says:

"'Harry, hurry up an' finish your dinner; there's signs of silver in these rocks. It'll pay us to follow this up an' make a good systematic prospect. I believe this is worth lookin' into.'

"'All right,' Harry said. 'Wait till I git a bite to eat.'

"Just then the first man calls out:

"'Hey, Harry, drop that grub; there's somethin' more important than eatin' on hand. Harry, I've found the vein!'

"Harry jumped up an' ran over to whar the other feller was, and thar, where a big tree had tipped over, carryin' the soil off'n the rocks with its roots, was a vein of blue silver a foot thick.

"Wall, they skipped off an' got some tools an' a crucible an' they dug out some of the ore an' built a fire an' tried it out right thar on the spot. It was sure enough silver.

"As soon as they found that out they covered the spot up careful an' on the way out of the woods hid their tools under a rock. Then they went back to England to raise money to work the vein.

"While they was there the older man, the one what knowed most about minerals an' had found the vein in the firs place, took sick, an' one day he died. So Harry cum back alone, but when he got to Cedar ponds he found the English Gov'ment had built a dam there an' had put up iron furnaces an' had cleaned off the wood.

"Everything looked so strange an' unnatural like that he didn't know just whar to go. Part of the woods had been flooded, an' the long an' short of it was he couldn't find the mine."

The woodchopper was wrong on one point—the dam and furnaces were erected in the third quarter of the eighteenth century by private individuals who had opened an iron mine there. The old ruins are interesting even to-day.

"When Harry couldn't find the mine," continued the woodchopper, "he got kinder looney, an' finally, from much broodin' over it, he went plumb crazy. They say he used to go about touchin' rocks an' whisperin' things to posts.

"Of course, other people tried to locate his find, an' they say they did discover where he an' his friend had hidden their tools under a rock, but nobody ever found the vein of silver."

It might be added that probably no one ever will.

That dreams of silver along the Hudson River hills are not confined to olden days was shown by an item in an up river newspaper about two months ago announcing that a resident of Putnam county had at last discovered the famous long lost Benson mine, back of Manitou Mountain, and had found under the brush and débris which choked the entrance some old mining implements of English manufacture.

"Uncle Cort," concluded the item, "has no doubts or misgivings as to the fact that he has beyond all peradventure of a doubt found the veritable silver mine for which so many have hunted and squandered their means, and does not hesitate to declare his opinion that stock placed in this mine will prove a far better investment than stock taken in Dominie ——'s trolley line," from which comment it may be inferred that Uncle Cort's find does not carry the same weight to-day as it might have in bygone times.

There are actual evidences along the Highlands, near the river, of the explorations made from time to time for precious minerals. There is a spot, known as the Old Silver Mine, somewhere on Anthony's Nose Mountain which was visited as long ago as 1842 by the State geologist, the late W. W. Mathers, who spoke of it even then as having been opened "in ancient times," and he reported the finding of old tools, with the handles rotted out, and of an adit level 200 yards long.

He said that it had been reopened a few years before his visit, the man who worked it being told that the scales of plumbago diffused through the rock were sulphuret of silver. The man is said to have spent all his property and to have died in a madhouse.

Probably the explorations for minerals in these hills began not many years after Hudson's entry in his log book to the effect that he had now reached a very rough, hilly country whose rocks looked as if they might contain minerals of value. Not many persons know that the German Baron Horsenclever came over to this country with a party of miners some time between 1730 and 1750 and made explorations for ore not only throughout the mountains of the Hudson Highlands, but also in the Adirondacks.

The mine and furnace at the Cedar ponds mentioned above in connection with the woodchopper's story of the lost silver mine were started by him, as were other works. No doubt many of the old mine holes which abound throughout the Highlands forests were the work of his party in the eighteenth century; that, at least, is the opinion of Emmons, who may be considered good authority.

Down by Sing Sing prison are extensive water filled shafts of a famous old hole long known in early days as the gold, silver and copper mine, and now practically forgotten. Partly buried under the waters of the Hudson and partly under the tracks of the railroad, few of this generation have probably ever heard of it.

This mine was worked before the Revolution by a British officer who resided in New York. The shaft is said to have been 150 feet deep and galleries to have been excavated in different directions, principally north and south, along the line of strike.

Gen. Pierre Van Cortlandt, the Revolutionary patriot, has left a record of having been in this mine when a boy. There is a story to the effect that some of the old inhabitants have in their possession articles of copper and silver made from the ore of this mine.

One would wish to see them, as there is said to be no evidence of silver in the shaft south of the prison, which, it is said, may still be explored. Copper is, however, known to occur in small strings and pockets at various places in Westchester and Putnam counties, a fact that may surprise the average man.

On an old map of Westchester county one will find located, near the northern boundary of Westchester, just back of Anthony's Nose, a spot marked "Hudson River copper mines." Here, if he will visit the locality, he will find a remarkable series of excavations, long since abandoned.

They extend up a mountain side, and the refuse from them has formed great banks of rock and earth comparable in size to the culm heaps of the Pennsylvania coal fields. Two lateral shafts pierce the mountain side and above these is a large circular opening running further down than one can see.

Toss a stone in and one may hear it bound from ledge to ledge until it strikes a deep body of water and sends upward innumerable echoes. The spot is impressive, and is rendered more so by the wildness of the surroundings. By the widespread view obtained from the mountain side is an old roadway which to-day is an almost continuous sheet of metal. The ore dropped from the carts which formerly carried the material down the mountain has become disintegrated and again consolidated by oxidation to form a remarkable example of what such a roadbed may be.

All this is snugly hidden among the Highland hills, and not widely known outside the region where it lies. The picturesque chemical works buildings which occupy the rocky islets near the river base of Anthony's Nose formerly extracted the sulphur from these rocks. Now they import the sulphur from Italy in the pure state, finding that more economical than getting it out of the mineral rock which lies almost at their doors. Their efforts in the past have given one more picturesque abandoned mine for the Highlands antiquary to visit.

There are traditions of lead in these hills also. Up on top of the mountain west of the line of officers' quarters, which stretch southward from the plain at West Point, there is an old mine hole containing sulphate of iron and pyrites crystals. According to tradition and common report a generation ago a lead mine existed not far away.

An old man is said to have supplied himself and his neighbors from this mine, and the Indians are said to have done the like before his time. It is often hard to trace out the reason for these stories, yet the fact remains that they persist. The State geologist, reporting the traditions of this mine; in a report issued sixty-five years ago, stated that reports and traditions of similar import had been found common in many places in every county in the eastern part of the State except on Staten, Long and Manhattan islands.

Of course gold has figured in these reports, and the woodcutter already referred to gravely informed the New Yorker that a man was quietly working a radium mine somewhere near Manitou Mountain.

After all, Hudson was not so far wrong in his surmises, and considerable money has been taken from the Highlands bedrock in the form of iron.

EVER TASTE CHIRSCHMUS?

It Sounds Powerful Good—Anybody Can Make It.

Last summer I ate genuine Swiss chirschmus twenty years old, says a writer in the *Ladies' World*. It tasted like a concentration of all the richness and sweetness of the most perfect cherries. In appearance it was a purplish black mass. Age had not impaired it in the least.

Upon inquiry I learned how this cherry concoction with its wonderful preserving quality is made. The cherries used must be perfect—very large, ripe, juicy black ones, and, above all, very sweet.

The juice of them, pressed out and strained through a bag, is put in a large preserving kettle, at the bottom of which is placed a piece of smoked pork fastened to a block of wood. The wood serves as a weight to keep the fat down and prevent the juice from burning as it thickens.

The cherry juice is boiled for about twenty-four hours, without sugar, but stirring it from time to time, until it becomes a mass of sweetness so firm and thick that it would not fall if the kettle were inverted.

That is all, a simple process, but the result is delicious. This chirschmus is in general use in Switzerland with the "süsse Anke" (sweet butter) and bread.

Eggs a Century Old.

From the London Daily Mail.

In felling a large tree some days ago in Cirencester, Gloucestershire, a bird's nest containing four eggs was discovered inclosed in a hollow near the heart of the trunk.

The sap rings showed that nearly a century has elapsed since the eggs were laid, and it was obvious that the hollow had closed automatically. The eggs were intact, but slightly faded.